

119 in to xcu FERN

FERN: What do you expect? Got to keep niggers and women and teachers in their place.

120 out to include GEORGIA

GEORGIA: Not to mention route salespersons. I get an increase sheet every few months it seems like. It's getting so that even in the mom and pop stores I gotta let pop put his hand on my ass when I'm stocking the rack.

MAC: It knows its place.

FERN: Where's mom?

121 fast pan to MAC

MAC: What!?

FERN: [She's] not keeping up with the times.
122 xcu MAC

MAC: Right! Uh, lucky pop! Oooops, too loud. The old dandy'll think we mean him.

FERN: Almost got caught, didn't you?

MAC: Not for your reasons unfortunately.

GEORGIA: Got a special on Dandy Cakes if you're interested.

123 to GEORGIA

GEORGIA: (CONT) And a deal on a batting helmet with the Dandy cakes whatchacallit --thinger, label-like...?

124 to xcu sarcastic MAC

MAC: Logo.
125 to FERN

FERN: He's always interested--or thinks he is.

MAC: I'm not dead yet.

126 in on FERN

FERN: Just brain dead.

GEORGIA: (distant) A vegetable might be interesting.

127 out to include GEORGIA

GEORGIA: (CONT) "SEX WITH A VEGETABLE-- a Star exclusive!"

FERN: How about a couch potato? Take him off my hands? Send a future draft choice. Anything that doesn't whine. Dandy, randy, you name it.

GEORGIA: He's hurt.

128 slow to MAC

MAC: No. Hemingway-Macho-boy--that's me. Shoulder to shoulder with Rambo, breaking up fights in the cafeteria, submitting a flawless mimeographed report. All guts and a yard wide.

FERN: At least.

MAC: Wouldn't even know how to complain. 'd need to take lessons no kidding.

FERN: Not any more, king-oh-SAH-bee.

MAC: Girl's college somewhere--that's where the major'd be.

129 to FERN

FERN: Hostile bastards of the world unite. You've nothing to lose but--aw hell, you've already lost.

130 widen to include MAC

MAC: We just wait, then grab a little back, grab a little back. Little more. Then before you know it--

131 widen to the three

GEORGIA: I never got past high school. You know the principle that's enough.

MAC: You got that right.

GEORGIA: I mean the basic crap.

FERN: Let's just knock off the male-female stuff.

132 on MAC

MAC: Hadn't noticed.

FERN: We're hysterical and you guys keep a stiff upper chin: that'll settle it.

MAC: Sometimes I fall quite in love with your nastiness. Still--

133 cu MAC

MAC: (CONT) there's a surprise in it even after all this time. You like surprises, too, don't you, FERN?

FERN: No. Yes. Rapturously. They make me gag.

MAC: Your attitudes recall so much. And that so-much in turn--

GEORGIA: Everything reminds him of something else. How does he do it?

134 out on MAC

MAC: Thinking. S'called thinking. I think.

135 to FERN

FERN: The macho stuff is charming when it's harmless, in situations when it doesn't count. But when the chips are down there has to be some some central you.

MAC: I'm hoping for something. Cause the chips they is down!

FERN: Oh?

*136 to include GEORGIA

GEORGIA: That wakes me up.

MAC: Forget it for now.

FERN: Forever.

MAC: At any rate, inside every hard-blooded man there's an absolute sweetie. Am I correct?

137 on GEORGIA

GEORGIA: Then how come I meet the absolute pricks? Excuse again. LOSERS WRECK GIRL'S LIFE.

FERN: Don't be a lady here. It's not becoming.

MAC: Anyway, Georgia, (two beats) you haven't looked inside me yet.

GEORGIA: Thanks but no thanks.

138 to cu FERN

FERN: Mac, you're fat and stink of middle-aged desperation. (a beat) So knock off the mawkish flirting.

GEORGIA: It's okay.

FERN: Uh uh.

139 widen to include MAC

MAC: What else can I do? I'm driven.

FERN: You haven't been driven to anything except butter pecan ice cream in at least two years.

140 widen to include GEORGIA

GEORGIA: Hey, you can turn into that stuff.

MAC: Then I'll devour myself.

FERN: Well, don't flirt first. People want to keep their food down.

141 on GEORGIA

GEORGIA: If you ate yourself your mouth'd have to be left, so you can't. If you think about it you can't do it.

142 move to the incredulous couple

MAC: (two beats) How about those Mets?

GEORGIA: Ballplayers should never be married. It oughta be against the law.

MAC: Does it stop you?

GEORGIA: No, but sometimes you think about it.

143 on FERN

FERN: A little guilt, a little seasoning.

GEORGIA: I wouldn't mind the guilt if I didn't worry about it.

144 to MAC

MAC: That's Catholic.

GEORGIA: I don't know what it is.

FERN: It's Georgia

145 cut to xcu GEORGIA

GEORGIA: (whistful) Here GEORGIA, there GEORGIA, everywhere everywhere GEORGIA.

FERN: There may be something in that.

MAC: I don't follow.

146 to FERN

FERN: That's not like you.

147 to cu MAC

MAC: One mistake I made! Jesus Christ!

GEORGIA: You must be a saint.

MAC: I have painted the basement stairs. I have tarred, but not feathered, the roof. How much penance is penance?

148 out to the couple

FERN: That depends on your transgressions, not just the times you're caught.

149 out to include GEORGIA

MAC: You're not interested in the whole picture anyway, just the part you can squeeze and squeeze the ball on.

FERN: People who don't do much make a great, smashing show when they do anything at all.

MAC: Drama! It's the best we can do just running on one ball.

FERN: How painful for you.

150 to GEORGIA

GEORGIA: Stop complaining. You got one left. (laughs)

151 to MAC

MAC: Verified. Got in the way last time I fished for the soap.

GEORGIA: Huh! Men are lucky.

152 out to include FERN

FERN: You take your romance where you can get it I guess.

152 to GEORGIA

GEORGIA: One of those freakin Mets and he was married? Pour my whole stupid heart out, you know? He says "Take two and hit to right." Stinking little--

MAC: You gotta compete with cute little stews forget it.

154 in on GEORGIA

GEORGIA: I have, believe me. The prick!

155 out to include FERN

FERN: At any rate, it's good to have something in mind when you negotiate about the grimy basement stairs.

MAC: Nobody sees them.

FERN: Just you. Just me.

GEORGIA: I'll look! [I'll] come over some Sunday while you're watching the Giants. Fern and I can exchange Bloody Mary recipes. What color'd you make them?

156 to MAC

MAC: What was on sale.

GEORGIA: What was that?

MAC: I can't remember. We buy everything on sale. There's nothing to contrast it against.

157 To FERN

MAC: (CONT) (sniffs) Do I sense the magnum Old Spice douse? That's pretty much the last step in a series of about a hundred, right? That means the moment is right.

FERN: Or ripe.

GEORGIA: To blow this old place.

MAC: Bug out like a big-assed bird--

FERN: Haven't heard that for a century at least.

158 widen to include MAC

MAC: for a very very interesting and most intriguing stop-- fortunately or unfortunately.

GEORGIA: I thought we were--?

159 out to the three

FERN: Driving straight to the monument. We'd better be.

160 to FERN

MAC: Since you're already sitting down--

161 out to include GEORGIA

GEORGIA: We picking up the president first? At the White House? Poop! I could've worn my new red frock.

MAC: Mom.

FERN: Uh huh?

162 to MAC

MAC: Mother.

GEORGIA: "Sweetly remembered." [A] card. "From her loving son and daughter-in-law." Or one of those little ads in the paper? Little angels and whatchacallits, wreaths: "Departed this world on--"

163 to FERN

FERN: Yeah. Sure. We'll throw her ashes against the black wall.

GEORGIA: Right! Great whatchacallit? Symbolism. Where's whochacallit?

164 out to include GEORGIA

GEORGIA (CONT) Walter Cronkite when you need him.

MAC: For better or for worse, only way to say it is to say it.

165 on FERN

FERN: Do tell?

166 to MAC

MAC: (CONT) She's, uh, alive. Mom is.

GEORGIA: Of course she is. How dumb of me not to know.

FERN: As the judge said, "Bullshit, next case."

167 in on MAC

MAC: No. Seriously.

GEORGIA: Now I know you're kidding, [if] you can even get that word into your mouth.

MAC: I'm not always fooling around. Can get as grim as life itself.

GEORGIA: Don't.

168 out to include FERN

FERN: Just cut it out MAC! This is stupid stupid stupid. Don't always keep straining to come up with perverse jokes. Think of your blood pressure.

MAC: Called me into the bedroom when we came, threw Georgia out.

169 out to include GEORGIA

GEORGIA: Too bad. I was only in there a minute but he was beginning to talk a good game. Old man's tease--you don't pay no attention. I can always tell when there's

170 in on GEORGIA

GEORGIA: (CONT) something behind that stuff. It's sad. (musing) All these guys thinking they're all cool.

MAC: That's your intellectuality-- forged in flirting.

GEORGIA: If you say so.

171 out to include FERN

FERN: He'll say anything. Tell me it's an idiot lie about Mom. Shit, listen to me! I know it's--

GEORGIA: Don't get shook up Fern. You're my whatchacallit, rock.

*on MAC

MAC: Since then [I've been] deciphering what you two've been saying, and all the while trying to think of a way [to] tell--

172 out to the three

GEORGIA: We don't talk in no code. Maybe you do.

MAC: I said it as clearly as I could. You must have questions.

FERN: Uh huh? Yup. Sure! This is too sick even for you, MAC. You might get the butterfly net before your alleged burnout.

173 on MAC

MAC: Evidently not for him. Pop. Sick enough that is. She's at Bide a Bit. He put her in there for diet pill addiction.

174 to FERN

FERN: I've seen the ashes, anyway the urn, you asshole! I'm not listening!

175 to GEORGIA

GEORGIA: Be a man, Fern. Listen to the latest load of shit. Try some. You'll like it.

MAC: He bought...pretended. And then he...couldn't see a way out. And she evidently decided to go along--in her lucid moments.

GEORGIA: And the farmer took another load away. I had an uncle always said that. He shook all over when he said it. But that was cause he had gotten sick.

176 to MAC

GEORGIA: (CONT) I mean not the whatchacallit, subject.

MAC: Even for this crowd you're rattling.

177 out to include FERN

FERN: Uh huh, Mac. If it were true you'd be doing the rubber wall routine while tearing out your hair. So knock it off. You had your fun.

178 on MAC

MAC: You'd better knock it off to save time. I'm serious. I am serious. I gave you the fact.

GEORGIA: Just the fact, M'am.

FERN: Let's just get Pop and go!

MAC: That won't change anything. Mother is alive. Mother...is...alive.

179 to GEORGIA

GEORGIA: You're not kidding. He's not kidding. Is he kidding?

MAC: Unfortunately, or fortunately, no. And it's making me sick to my stomach, the whole thing.

GEORGIA: Got some Malox in my purse.

180 out to include FERN

FERN: [It's making] YOU sick? Even as a joke it's double-ugly. I knew you were a crazy fuckin tribe but--

GEORGIA: He is kidding. Now he's stuck with it and won't let go. Once you start lying it's murder. Ask an expert.

181 out to the three

MAC: Way he explained it, Pop, she she she had this spell and he panicked, you know? And he ran out and telegraphed us on vacation. Mexico. Cause he thought she was dead.

GEORGIA: Uh huh. Keep it going. My favorite men were liars.

182 on GEORGIA

GEORGIA (CONT) (two beats) Think about that for a minute.

183 to MAC

MAC: Uh, we, of course, got the message a week and a half late or we didn't look at it if it was delivered before that. Things were a mess you may recall. Sus-suspended animation.

GEORGIA: MESS IN MEXICO STIRS POT--New York Daily News. ZOMBIES WATCH.

184 to FERN

FERN: Shush, GEORGIA. I want to get to the bottom of this particular pot. It's not dear dead old mom but it's something. I know it's something. Something else. Probably just an excuse for some even sicker shit.

GEORGIA: I'll get my shovel.

FERN: [To] get our attention like a little kid. Like Pop did with his empty ice cream carton.

MAC: Don't I wish.

185 to GEORGIA

GEORGIA: (giggles) WEIRD TEACH SLICES BALONEY ON MOM'S DEATH. No, they'd say exit or something. I'm sorry, FERN, kinda slipped out. I'll behave, but it's hard to behave when you're into some grim shit or somebody's pulling your leg and you don't know which, you know? Shit. [This is] getting me all excited. Shows you where my life's been. Bore-town.

186 to MAC

MAC: When--since I trust you want to listen to more of this, Fern--he got back to the house, uh, he had called the undertaker who called the cops for some reason, she she she was anyway raving at them all by then and kicked and even gouged a couple of cops I'm given to understand, and well--

FERN: Sure. They tried to impound her Godiva Chocolates.

MAC: Go ahead. Keep sticking up your little screens.

FERN: As long as you hold on to your big one.

GEORGIA: You go ahead, Mac. I'm waiting. This is gonna be my favorite soap opera from now on.

MAC: He had her committed. Some doctor he went to high school with.

187 to FERN

FERN: That I would believe. In another context that is. An old boy network to ease the wives out.

GEORGIA: It's been effective. You should hear the phonecalls I get after they salt 'em away.

FERN: I don't believe a lying word.

GEORGIA: I'm hurt.

188 to MAC

MAC: As you wish. So-o, she was cremated or wasn't cremated in that delay time, before we got or looked at the news sent to us in Mexico. Therefore we missed or didn't miss the funeral, depending on the version you prefer. Maybe there's no difference.

189 out to include FERN

GEORGIA: Well that much is nice. I mean if you didn't miss, uh, anything anyways, uh--what's that mean? What I just said, I mean? You guys notice if I'm speaking English or not? Let me know, okay?

190 on FERN

FERN: I'm slapping myself. Gotta wake up. Don't listen anymore, Georgia. He's finally lost it. All that burnout talk wasn't kidding. Gone.

191 out to include MAC